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WITH THE RANK AND FILE.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, AS REMEMBERED BY ONE OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

By THOMAS J. FORD,

SERGEANT COMPANY H, TWENTY-FOURTH WISCONSIN INFANTRY.

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INTRODUCTORY.

My Dear Reader: Among the many publications which the late war has drawn forth, I present you with something which you have never read, nor which has ever been in print, until the issue of this little book. The sketches contained herein have been carefully revised and made as brief as possible, with the object of bringing before you the privations and hardships of the rank and file. A few of the amusing incidents of life in the army are also chronicled, as they occurred in Camp, on the March, or on the Battlefield. Papers on compulsory education, the pulpit and the press, farm life, and one on the merits of America's two grandest men (George Washington and Abraham Lincoln) will also be found herein.

Thomas J. Ford.

Milwaukee, May, 1898.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

Sketches of Army Life from the Viewpoint of a Non-Commissioned Officer During the Rebellion.

An Address Delivered at E. B. Wolcott Post, G. A. R., Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., November 19, 1897, by Thomas J. Ford.

Commander and Comrades: The history of the late war is generally known by the whole civilized world; but the history of each private individual in that conflict is known much less by others than by myself.

In presenting to you a few sketches of the many incidents and privations of my army life, you must not expect me, in my humble rank as private, corporal and sergeant, to give you as broad a view of the army in which I served as other men of higher rank and station can give you. My duty was with my company and its immediate surroundings, as others in the same rank and file.

The Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment was organized in August, 1862, and on the 8th of October following were engaged in the Battle of Perryville, Kentucky. Just before starting for the battlefield that morning (I had not been feeling very well for a week past) I went to Dr. Hasse, our regimental surgeon, and told him about it.

"Well," he said, "Ford, I don't know what to do for you. All the medicine is packed away but that five-gallon can of castor oil there. Just set it on the top of that stump and take a swallow of it."

I did so. "And now," he said, "I will give you an order to have your luggage carried in the wagon." I packed up everything that I could get along without, which left nothing on my person but my red shirt, pants, shoes and cap. We got into battle sooner than was expected. As we were in the reserve line of battle waiting for orders the rebel bullets were dropping thick and fast around us, for they were preparing to charge on one of our batteries. A brigade orderly rode up to Col. Larrabee, of our regiment, the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, and said, "Colonel, the General wants you to march your regiment to the left of that battery and

hold it at all hazards; the rebels are about to charge on it."

The Colonel was somewhat hard of hearing. He placed his hand to his ear and said, "What's that, sir?"

The order was repeated. The Colonel answered, "I will, by God, sir;" and called the regiment to attention. We marched to the left of that battery in double-quick time. The size and appearance of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin swinging into line with ten hundred and twenty-four men and firing a few volleys of musketry at them checked the advancing foe and the battery was saved. I was in the front rank in my company with no coat on and the only red shirt visible in the regiment. The order was given to fall back about twenty paces to the rear. We were too far out near the crest of the hill looking down on the cornfield where the rebels were, but I did not fall back. I was so interested loading and firing at the rebels down in that cornfield that I did not hear the command to cease firing or to fall back. The regiment was ready to fire in its new position, but the command was not given until the red-shirted man fell

back into line. The Colonel was calling for me. He sent Adjutant McArthur out in front after me, at the same time calling aloud, "You man with the red shirt, fall back."

I knew that meant me, so I looked around and saw Adjutant McArthur galloping to the front and the regiment was back in the rear. Too quick did I about face and double-quick to my place in the front rank of my company. That night I lay on the ground with nothing between me and the blue sky but my shirt, pants, shoes and cap.

Another incident. Just before the Battle of Stone River I received a box of fine cut chewing and smoking tobacco from an uncle of mine in Milwaukee. We got orders that night to get ready for the march in the morning. I did not know what to do with my big box of tobacco, containing eleven dollars' worth, done up in Milwaukee. A rare thing to get—Milwaukee tobacco. Some of the company boys helped me to do it up in packages from fifty cents' worth to a dollar and a half size packages, and we went around and sold all the tobacco in an hour's time to officers and privates alike, but got very little money, the regiment not being paid yet,

so we had to trust until pay day. We got into the fight, however, at daybreak, one gray, frosty morning, after lying on our arms all night, and our fingers were all benumbed with the cold and frost. As for myself, I can say that I had to place my finger on the trigger of the gun with my left hand before I could bring it up to an aim. The rebels came down on us, colors flying and in solid column, shouting and hollering as if certain and sure of victory. We fell back before them. They crowded us into a cedar woods, where there was nothing but cedar trees and rocks, and it seemed as if all the birds and rabbits in that large field were looking for protection around our feet. So thick and fast did the rebels send their shot and shell after us that you might think it impossible for a bird to escape them. The rebels had us surrounded for a while. You could see the rebel officers and orderlies galloping on their horses in the near distance, urging their men on to make a complete capture, but we got out of that battle all right, as history fully explains. When we were in the thickest of this fight an incident took place about that tobacco I sold on time. A comrade of mine, James Mangan, formerly a

school teacher in the Town of Franklin (and I was a pupil at his school myself), came near me and said, "Thomas, this is terrible. It seems impossible for any of us to escape being killed by those shells and bullets,if they continue this way much longer." (At the same time I noticed one of the boys that I sold some tobacco to, on time, drop.)

"Yes," said I. "But what will I do now for the price of my tobacco? Most of those are killed that I sold it to, and I will never be paid."

"To the devil with you and your tobacco," said he, "if that is what you are thinking of now, in place of your soul."

We went into that battlefield early in the afternoon, without anything to eat; lay on our arms all night in line of battle in the immediate front of the enemy and fought all the next day without anything to eat or drink. Our supply train was cut off. General Rosecrans had a large pile of forage corn near his headquarters. The boys commenced stealing it for food. There was a strong guard placed around it, and an order issued to give each man one ear of corn as far as it went until supplies would arrive. In dealing out the corn the plan

was to put one ear of corn into each empty hand as it reached out. Some got two ears of corn by placing the first behind their back and thrusting forth the other empty hand. The pile of corn did not supply one-hundredth part of the vast numbers clustered around it. We ate the ear of corn, and that was all we had to eat at that time.

Closing this incident of the Battle of Stone River, I might as well remark right here that my father and his three sons were in the War of the Rebellion from 1861-1865, and the first he knew of two of his sons being in the war and in the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin was after the Battle of Stone River. He took part in the same battle with Captain Bridges' battery. Father came to see Col. Larrabee of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin with a view of getting his two sons, Daniel and Thomas, transferred to Bridges' battery, so that we could be together with him. He told the Colonel about it, and the Colonel said he would not allow it to be done; they were two goods boys and he was going to keep them.

"But they are my boys," said the old man, "and I want them with me."

"They are not your boys, by God, sir," said the Colonel; "they are my boys, and I am going to keep them; you cannot have them."

The other son was in the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and at the Battle of Fredericksburg was shot through the heart while planting the Stars and Stripes on the rebels' breastworks. The color-bearer being shot down, he picked up the flag and both he and the flag lay on the rebels' breastworks, our side being repulsed.

There was a general order one time that our boys should not steal anything in a certain part of the country where we were located during Col. Larrabee's command over the regiment. The General ordered the Colonel that he should punish those two men that were caught as an example for the rest. I heard the Colonel pronounce the sentence in these words, as I was standing guard near his tent, "Now, boys, I have to punish you. I am so ordered by the General. I want you both to understand that I am not punishing you for stealing, but for getting caught at it, by God." This seemed to be a common byword of the Colonel.

General Rousseau had command of our division for a short time near a place in Tennessee that we addressed our letters from as Camp Starvation, near Cowan's Station. The citizens were nearly all loyal to the Union cause. It was a rough, stony and hilly country. They seemed to have only a few sheep for their meat. The General ordered that the men should not kill any of those sheep. Shortly after we broke ranks of course some went off foraging, as usual. They killed a sheep and dressed it and had it on their shoulders coming back to camp when they met the General and his staff out reconnoitering.

"Halt those men there," said the General to one of his orderlies, "and place them under arrest. Take that mutton up to my headquarters and have it cooked for supper." He released the men on the promise that they would not do it again. Next day about the same time the same four boys went out again. They knew where there was a large, fat Newfoundland dog. They killed him, cut off his head and legs, skinned and dressed him up nicely in the shape of a mutton. They met the General nearly in the same place as the day before.

"What, those same men disobeying my orders again? Place those men under arrest and report their commanding officer. Orderly, take that mutton to headquarters and tell the cook to hurry up with it for supper." They ate that mutton for supper, and all declared it sweeter and better mutton than the one eaten the night before.

Everyone in camp knew what had happened. We had those little dog tents at that time. The General and staff came galloping down our company streets the next morning, when every soldier, as if with one accord, thrust his head out of the little tents and commenced barking like so many dogs. The horses commenced prancing; the General's hat fell off; he stuck the spurs into his horse's side, and galloped off to Col. Larrabee's tent, just in front of him.

"I say, Colonel, what does this mean, your men barking at me like so many dogs?"

"Well, I don't know, General,"said the Colonel, "unless you have some dog in you."

The General scratched his head and said, "Outgeneraled by my own men. That is the last damned 'order' I will ever issue in this camp."

Col. Larrabee was a good man, but he seemed to get tired of the war after a certain time when he did not receive a brigadier-generalship, which he was entitled to by seniority. We were taking a rest one day under the shade of some trees waiting for orders, lying down full length, taking the best advantage of the precious moments given us, when the Colonel raised himself up to a sitting position and said, "Boys, I brought the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment into the field ten hundred and twenty-four men strong. Now I have but three hundred and sixty men, a regiment that I can take anywhere and feel proud of them; a regiment that every man of them knows as much if not more than I do myself."

The orders came to fall in, and right here the curtain drops on Col. Larrabee. I have never heard of or seen him since. It is true that a great many different men had their turn in commanding the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment, and it is also true that they were all good men, viz., West, Kennedy, Bombach, Parsons, and last of all that young and brave boy, Col. McArthur, whose gallantry at the Battle of Franklin I shall never forget. The

rebels had driven our men out of the breastworks that we were relieved from about an hour or so before in order to cook some refreshments, for we were on advance guard duty about 48 hours and were bothered so much with rebel cavalry that we did not have much time to rest or eat. Marching into Franklin we were closely followed up, in the rear of our army, by rebel General Hood's infantry. We stacked arms, after being "relieved," a quarter of a mile, I should think, from those breastworks. Our coffee was just beginning to boil and our sow-belly and crackers frying, when the rebels charged those breastworks and drove our men out, and followed them up. They came through our stacked arms and over our fires, upsetting our coffee pots and frying pans, with the rebels right at their heels and at our stacked arms as soon as we were. Every one of us was as mad as he could be after losing his nearly cooked dinner, and we felt as if we could whip the whole rebel army just at that moment, when Col. McArthur called out, "Fall in, Twenty-fourth; take arms. Charge. Give um hell, boys. Give um hell, give um hell, Twenty-fourth." We did "give um hell," and drove them back over the

breastworks again. When he got the run on them we commenced shooting as they were jumping back again over the breastworks, and they'd holler out, "Don't shoot, Yanks. For God Almighty's sake, don't shoot." Then some of them would get hit and cry out, "Oh."

We got the breastworks and held them against several attempts to take them from us, until darkness came and everything was still. About 2 o'clock in the morning, under cover of darkness, after the supply train and everything was across the river, we stole away out of those breastworks without making any noise, crossed the river, burned the bridge and were safe on our journey to Nashville, where ended the last of our battle of the war.

Right here I will mention a little incident that happened at one of the rebel attempts to take those breastworks from us at the Battle of Franklin. Capt. Fillbrooks, of Company D, a very brave man, noticed one of his men dodging or ducking his head from the noise of the rebel bullets. "Mike," said the Captain, "quit dodging your head there. Stand up to it and take it like a man." The word was no sooner out of the Captain's mouth when a bullet

hit him in the middle of the forehead and laid him out dead. Mike said to him. "Why the devil in hell don't you stand up and take it like a mon." And the word wasn't out of Mike's mouth when he got a scalp wound on the right side of his forehead. "Holy Moses," said he, "there is nothing like the dodging after all. Every time I heard it before I dodged it and it never hit me."

The day before the Franklin battle we got into a brush with the rebel cavalry at a place called Spring Hill. The sun was settling down in the west. They had been picking at us all day, so they prepared for a charge. We could see the sun glisten on their swords as they drew sabers. They were on the east of us and charged across that plain with a seeming determination to play great havoc in our ranks. But the old First Brigade let them come near enough to give them one volley of musketry and then came to a charge against cavalry, the front-rank men standing firmly placed in proper position all with fixed bayonets. Here they come hollering like demons, carbines empty, sabers drawn over their heads ready to come down with a cut and slash, but they couldn't do it. Every man

stood firm. The Twenty-fourth was in the front of the brigade, facing the enemy. They tried to force their horses to open a gap, but it was impregnable. They withdrew in disorder. We lay down and our batteries played havoc with those rebel cavalry. You could see a rebel's head falling off his horse on one side and his body on the other, and the horse running and nickering and looking for its rider. Others you could see fall off with their foot caught in the stirrup and the horse dragging and trampling them, dead or alive. Others, the horse would get shot and the rider tumble head over heels, or may be get caught by his horse falling on them. I used to think before that cavalry charge what a terrible thing it would be to get into a battle with cavalry and imagine how they could cut and slash and shoot at us and trample us down with their horses; but I thought different after that experience with the rebel cavalry. Why, it is the greatest fun imaginable in time of war for a solid column of infantry prepared for the attack to have a cavalry charge on them. The horses won't do it for the rider, and the rider can do nothing with a body of solid infantry.

There was a little incident that happened before the Battle of Chickamauga in a place we called the Devil's Basin, in Georgia. We had fifty rebel officers and soldiers as prisoners. There was one rebel captain who was continually cursing and abusing Abe Lincoln and the Stars and Stripes. I was sergeant of the guard in charge of the prisoners. The officer of the day gave me orders to have that kind of language stopped if I had to do it with the point of the bayonet. I put a new guard on, a man that I knew would stop it. After a while this rebel captain thought he would make the acquaintance of the new guard, and asked him what countryman he was. The guard replied with great emphasis, "My father is an Irishman, and my mother is a Dutch woman; the damnedist breed that ever lived; and if you don't keep your mouth shut I'll run this bayonet right through you," at the same time going right for the rebel captain. The next day we let the rebel officers go and withdrew from the Devil's Basin towards Chickamauga. Our line was too long and weak, a great mistake of General Rosecrans. We were double-quicked into the Battle of Chickamauga on the morning of September 20, 1863, and

filled a gap that was wide open right in front of a large body of rebel soldiers that was lying on the ground waiting for orders to go, as it appeared to me, when General Little, our brave Brigadier-General, led us up within plain sight of them. General Little was wounded slightly in the arm. The rebels peppered it into us, as our brave Henry G. Rogers can tell you. Little moved his line back, which I think was wrong, for it encouraged the rebels and they came right for us. Just when the new line was formed General Sheridan rode by in a gallop down the right of the line. In passing the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin he said a word to General Little and went on. A limb of a tree brushed off his hat, but he did not stop. One of his orderlies dismounted and made several attempts before he replaced the hat on Sheridan's head, Sheridan paying no attention whatever to the hat business, as it appeared to me. The rebs came for us in our new line. The firing commenced. Our brigade, General Little, was right behind our colors. I was between him and the colors. Oh, how the boys did load and fire. I saw rebels crawling on their hands and knees through the underbrush to get the Twenty-fourth

Wisconsin flag. They never got the flag, neither did they ever go back. A man in my company was firing high. I drew his attention to the fact, and ordered him to aim low.

"Sergeant," said he, "I have a son in the rebel army, and I imagine he is forninst me out and I don't want to shoot him."

"Well, then, aim low," said I, "and shoot the son of a gun right in the heart." Strange to say the son deserted the rebels and ate supper with his father that night.

So determined and persistent was the fight in our part of the line, I heard a voice behind me saying, "Sergeant, what regiment is this?"

I looked around and saw General Little, and said, "This is the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, General."

He commenced falling off his horse and said, "Brave boys, brave boys."

Those were the last words he ever spoke. He had his hand on the pone of his saddle, and as he was falling his hat fell off, his long auburn hair hung down, and he seemed to hang on to that saddle with his right hand until he was nearly to the

ground. It is a sight I will never forget. I then looked to our left, and saw the rebels in our rear. The troops on our left had left us and we also left. As we were retreating in pretty good time, one of our boys was just in front of me, making the best time he could, and I keeping right up with him, when he was hit and killed. He fell across my track and I fell on top of him. I thought we were both shot with the same bullet. I got up again all right and lit out. You could see the rebels and you could hear the bullets plainer because there was but one side shooting. The bullets went zip, zip, into the leaves on the ground and around your ears as thick as bees.

We got down to the turnpike road. General Rosecrans and other generals were there, and tried to have us halt and form a line and charge the rebels back. Rosecrans said, "The rebels are defeated and are retreating at another part of the line, and if you could have held them here five minutes longer the battle would be ours." Some stood and listened, and three times as many went on.

The general took off his hat and said, "Boys, form a line here; there are enough of us to whip

those rebels. We have them on the run in another part of the field. If you won't do it for my sake, do it for God's sake and for your country's sake." That brought a great many to halt and ready in line when a rebel solid shot, about a fifteen-pounder, came along and took off the right hand of one of the generals and part of the saddle he was resting on. That was seen too quick. Some one started, and away we went until we found ourselves near a gap leading into Ringgold.

General Sheridan took command of everything he could find. We got through the gap and into Chattanooga, and we were not long there before every man was three feet under ground with a breastwork against the enemy. We thought they would be right on to us, but they were too glad to take a rest and too glad to get rid of us, for they were nearly as badly whipped as we were.

This reminds me of the story of the Irishman and the Georgian who met and fought until both laid down along side of each other, completely exhausted. The Irishman threw his hand over on the Georgian's face and got him by the throat, but the Georgian got the Irishman's thumb in his

mouth. They both held their grip and were found in that position and taken to the hospital. The Irishman got better first, but with his hand in a sling on account of his wounded thumb. He went to see the Georgian, and at first sight greeted him with, "Give me your hand, be jabers, you're nearly as good a man as meself."

So we went to see the rebels at Mission Ridge, and reminded them of Chickamauga, and I'll tell you how we did it. The rebels had us hemmed in in the Valley of Chattanooga for two months and five days, as near as I can recollect, with railroad and river communication cut off. Our line was sixteen miles long, the shape of a horseshoe, with the hind calking resting on the river. We were subjugated to quarter rations, not knowing how long a time we might be held inside of that circle. We would draw our quarter rations and eat them up right away, not having drawn for four days before, and take chances on foraging or gobbling or in any way that we could pick up anything to eat. At first we had candles and had some light. We ran out of candles, and we used grease in a tin can with a rag, a piece of an old shirt, or anything that would

answer the purpose of a wick, to make light. After a while we ran out of grease. So whatever was left of the grease and wick in the old tin cans was thrown away and we did without light. After a while, when hunger began to pinch me very severely, I hunted up the old tin can that belonged to my messmates and myself, and I found it with considerable grease in it, mixed with some flies and the old rag wick. I ate them all and relished them very much at the time, but did not have very much appetite for my next quarter ration. I will say right here that if every soldier inside that line was asked to volunteer to drive the rebels off Mission Ridge there would be but one answer, and that would be, "I will go, let me go." Such was the feeling of the troops hemmed in in the Valley of Chattanooga. Every man was healthy and hungry, could run a race or turn a somersault. General Grant noticed that when he ordered a general review; that is what it turned out to be, but the order was not given in that shape. The order was, "Be ready to march tomorrow, at such an hour, in light marching order." We went out in the valley right at the edge of the timber near Orchard Knob

and had a fine general review. General Bragg commenced concentrating his troops. He thought the Yankees were coming. A widow woman, at whose house he had his headquarters, asked him if he didn't think it better for her to move her family away from there to Ringgold. He said, "No, there were not Yankees enough in all Christendom to take that ridge."

When the review was over Grant ordered each commander to march his command to camp. The next week Grant had that same review over again. It annoyed Bragg as before. Review over with, we marched to camp again. The next week we got orders to get ready for the march to-morrow morning, heavy marching order, with eighty rounds of ammunition. Every man knew what that meant. Everybody knew we were going to take that ridge, or at least make the attempt, but the rebel General Bragg said it was nothing but that damned Yankee review again. The orders came from Grant after he had his lines all arranged, that when six cannons were fired in succession, 1-2-3-4-5-6, the whole line was to advance and take the first line of rebel breastworks. There is no

doubt in my mind but that Grant thought that sufficiently far enough to go; with Hooker on Lookout Mountain; our communications opened up; with boatloads and carloads of supplies arriving, the rebels would not be very likely to hang onto Mission Ridge any very great length of time. We (the first brigade of Sheridan's division) were near those cannons, however, that gave the order to advance, and we went clear up to the top of the Ridge. We were after something to eat, and we got it, too. All the generals in the Union army could not stop us if they tried to after we got started up that Ridge. I remember in crossing the first line of trenches some of our boys fired into the trenches, and I made the remark that it was cowardly, but we went on, on and up. The color-bearer of Company C, with the colors, myself and Nelson of Company H were the first men upon that Ridge in the line of our brigade. The first thing I did after the rebels skedaddled was to grab a full haversack and jerk it off a wounded rebel captain's neck. He was shot in the shoulder and his hand lay on the mouth of the haversack on the down-hill side. I opened it and divided its contents with my comrades in the immediate vi-

cinity. It was saturated with the rebel captain's blood, but we ate it all the same.

Mission Ridge was ours. The rebels were running down the other side of the Ridge and we shouted "Chickamauga, Chickamauga." The sun was just going down, beautiful and bright. It was a splendid sight to witness. In a short time General Sheridan made his appearance. At sight of the General, the boys clustered around him and commenced cheering that gallant commander. Some shouted for hard-tack, some for sow-belly and some for beef, while others shouted for whisky.

The General raised his hat off his head until silence prevailed, and said, "Boys, in less than two hours' time you will have all the hard-tack, all the sow-belly and all the beef you want; as for the whisky I can't say yet for sure."

And in less than that time the boats and railroad cars were unloaded without any detail being made for that purpose. There were sixteen hundred head of cattle driven up on that Ridge, and in an hour's time they were in the frying pan. You could see men as far as the eye could reach, several lines of them, with boxes of crackers on their

shoulders. Sheridan made his word good, with the exception of the whisky. He advised with the surgeon-general, and he said, "No whisky, General. Your men will eat enough, and perhaps too much, without whisky;" and true enough, some died eating that night. You might wake up any time in the night and see men cooking and eating. A great many of us flung our blankets away coming up the Ridge. When it was time to lie down I went back to the battlefield for a blanket. The moon was full and shining bright. I found nothing to suit till I came to a rebel Colonel who had a fine, large, gray overcoat with large cape and trimmed with gold braid. I rolled him over and took it off; took it to camp under my arm thinking, "Now I will have something fine and warm to put about me;" but, alas! when I got nicely settled down for sleep I could not sleep. The thoughts of lying under that rebel overcoat and taking it off him in that lonely battlefield, overcame me. The way he appared to me in the bright light of the moon made me think that I was robbing my dead enemy, when he was helpless to defend himself, and no witness to the action but the sweet silver moon. My heart filled with

emotion and I got up and took it back and laid it over him, then returned to my company and lay down under a part of my comrade's blanket, and immediately went to sleep with a full ration in my stomach.

So ended the Battle of Mission Ridge, and the boys all felt happy. And let me say right here that those few sketches of mine are not dreams, nor misty recollections of the past. It is not a play that you might read of in your parlor, or see acted on the stage with fine sceneries and blue and red lights; but it is a living actuality—a play that we all had a hand in ourselves with a pure and manly motive—to save our country and protect our country's flag.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

From Chickamauga to the Close of the War—Wounded at Adairsville, Ga.—Nourished by a Union Woman.

An Address Delivered at E. B. Wolcott Post, G. A. R., Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., by Thomas J. Ford, March 11th, 1898.

Commander and Comrades: Those pages that I have here to-night are a continuation of the past, and take in all my recollections in brief; and, in giving you those few more sketches of the incidents and privations of my army life, I will tell you, in my humble way, of an incident that happened shortly after we were driven into Chattanooga. After the Battle of Chickamauga, so many men were told off from each regiment to build up Fort Wood, detailed for fatigue duty. We worked hard that day. An order came around when the day's work was done that General Sheridan was going to give us all a ration of whisky. We fell in in

two ranks, with our tin cups, in double-quick time. The whisky came around in buckets, full. It was measured out with a small tin cup emptied into our larger ones. I got my ration and drank it. My brother Daniel was standing in the rear of me. He never drank liquor nor used tobacco. The commissary man ordered him to put out his cup and take his ration. Brother told him he didn't drink any and didn't want any. I turned around quick, and said, "Draw your ration, Dan, and give it to me." He did so, and I was very much pleased to get it. The boys in the line looked over each other's shoulders to see me drink the double ration of whisky, and one said to the other, "My God, I wish I had a brother in the army that didn't drink."

At a place called Buzzard Roost, perhaps better known in history as Rocky Face, the rebels were protected by natural breastworks and could not be driven away from in front. After several attempts a movement was made on their flank by General Kilpatrick's cavalry. The rebels soon discovered the movement and left from our front. At the time that General Howard was viewing through his field glass, Kilpatrick's cavalry were speeding to

the rebels' right around by the valley road. He felt something touch him, and looking down he saw a bullet hole through his boot leg, which evidently had been aimed at him by some one in a much higher location than where he was standing, and, turning his glasses in that direction, he discovered a rebel up in a tree. Seeing the movements up there through the leaves, Howard sent after a couple of his sharpshooters. They took in the situation. Mr. Rebel kept very still, thinking perhaps he might not be discovered, but our boys got a bead on him. They let go their sharpshooting rifles. There was an "Oh!" and a scrambling and a shaking of the leaves and branches, and finally down comes the rebel's gun and next himself. Upon examination it was found that he had tied his arm with his handkerchief to a limb of the tree so as to steady himself while he was taking aim. The handkerchief became loose in the struggle, but remained around his arm as he fell.

As we advanced through those natural breastworks of rocks some of our men that were killed were lying just at the opposite side of the rock from the rebels and were stripped of their clothing.

When we were advancing on this rocky mountain the rebs pried loose a great many of those large rocks and started them rolling down on us, but we went up another direction, and marched about a week, picketing and skirmishing until the rebels made a stand at Resaca, which was a very hard fight. We advanced in line of battle to within a short distance of the rebels' breastworks, where we halted. There were two cedar rail fences, ten rails high with a stake and rider, right alongside of each other. It was evident that the owners of the land disputed the boundaries, or would not join fences with each other, consequently each one built and maintained his own fence on his own land, just inside the line. We took advantage of that piece of contrariness, however, and soon pulled down both fences and piled them up into one. They made us a fine breastwork. We were in close quarters to the rebels; we could see them plainly and they could see us. I remember in the part of the breastwork where I was we had a thin cedar rail on top. Two rebel bullets struck that rail and went through it and dropped down just as I raised my head from it to fire—a very close call for me. It was very

wet weather. The ground was uneven and rough, all mud and slush. When firing ceased at night some of us lay down to sleep, while others stayed on duty in the breastworks. I rolled two dead comrades together where I wanted to lie down and another who was not quite dead was rolled crossways over their heads for a pillow. I slept very comfortably, with the exception of being disturbed once in a while from a hiccough or movement of muscles or peculiar noises coming from my pillow. On the right of us the battlefield took fire and burned a great many of our men, dead or wounded, that were lying there. It was a piece of open land where the grass was very thick the year before, and was neither pastured nor cut off.

A few days previous to going into this fight we went through a very plentiful country. We halted for camp one evening. Some from every command, the same as usual, struck off foraging. They commenced coming in after a while with hams and chickens. I remember by brother Dan and myself asked some one about the hams, and they said you might as well have one, they will be all gone anyway. And so we struck out and soon found the

smoke-house. I made a rush in. There was just one shoulder left. I grabbed it, and in going by the house the woman was standing at the door crying, and said that was the last piece of meat, and what would she and her children do now. Brother Dan and I agreed to give it to her. She put it under her bed. We went to camp empty-handed; had plenty to eat of government rations and felt and slept better than if we had taken the meat from the widow.

We had a hard march the next day. When we camped that evening my feet were very painful, with scalding blisters, and as I was very tired I went down to a stream near by, took off shoes and socks, rolled my pants above my knees, sat down on the bank of the stream and placed my feet in the cool, running water. Oh, but it did feel refreshing. I lay down on my back with my feet in that position, placed my hands under my head and fell asleep; was in that position until the cool of the morning began to break on me. I woke up much refreshed and no pain or soreness in my feet.

I remember in marching through Huntsville, Alabama, about 11 o'clock A. M., our band struck

up the tune of "Away Down South in Dixie." The regiment was at a right shoulder shift arms, with fixed bayonets. The sergeants walked on the sidewalks, marching right in front, every man keeping perfect step. A woman was sitting on her door step with her elbows on her knees, and holding a pan of potatoes in her hands that she had just strained the water from preparatory to putting them on the fire to cook for dinner. I noticed they were a different kind of potato from what I had ever seen, and politely asked her, "Please, madam, what do you call those potatoes?"

She made answer in a very sarcastic manner, saying, "I don't call them at all; they come without calling." The next sergeant to me, Charles Powers by name, a big, able fellow about six feet two inches in height, raised his right foot, and never losing his step to the music, hit the pan a kick, and pan and potatoes flew out on the street on top of the regiment, at the same time saying, "Now, damn you, see if they'll come without calling." The regiment charged on the potatoes and came to right shoulder arms again with a potato on top of their bayonets, and not one potato was lost. We

marched into camp and cooked them, and Charley said to me, "Ford, you are a hell of a man to let that rebel talk to you in that way."

"Well, how could I prevent her talking? I didn't know what she was going to say; but I'll tell you, Charley, I am mighty glad I didn't get that kick."

We were going into camp one evening, and in passing by a farm-house our Chaplain noticed a lot of nice chickens. He called his servant—Sandy was his name for short. "Sandy, here is a quarter, go over there to that house and buy a chicken; we will have a chicken for supper. If they don't want to sell you any of their chickens don't you gobble any; don't you steal any of their chickens, Sandy."

The Chaplain rode away a short distance and called after Sandy, saying, "Now, Sandy, be sure and have a chicken for supper." It is needless to say Sandy got the chicken and the quarter, too.

This Chaplain resigned. The marching and camping out were too severe on his delicate constitution. He was not a very rugged man. Our next chaplain was a drafted man, a wealthy farmer, one of the first men that had the thoroughbred

short-horn cattle imported to this state from England. He created an influence over James T. Lewis, then Governor of Wisconsin, and received from the Governor a commission as Chaplain of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin. The boys did not appreciate this drafted man as a chaplain, but rather took it as an offense to have a drafted man sent down South to preach to them when he should have been sent with a musket. I will say right here that this man did no more good for the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin than Billy Bray, the jackass who to this day stands on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland. The boys became determined to rout him by scaring him and making him think that they might do him bodily harm. We had a flag pole. We hoisted the flag every day and took it down at night. One morning the Chaplain got up after a very pleasant night's sleep, as he told me when he came to my tent, seemingly under great excitement, telling me that there were burglars in his tent last night, and he never knew it until he awoke in the morning, and found his chair, his table, little writing desk and sheet iron heating stove, pipe and all, had been

taken from his tent. Being intimately acquainted with me, having known me since I was a little boy, he asked me if I would go with him in search of his stolen furniture. I did. We went up and down every company street, waking them up and inquiring as we went along, but to no avail. No information whatever could we get of the stolen furniture. We gave up the search and came back by regimental headquarters. In passing by the flag pole—it was early in the morning and the flag hadn't been hoisted yet—I happened to look up, and lo! what was there?

"My God, Chaplain, look. "What's on top of that pole? Look at your furniture up there."

He looked up and cried out in solemn and fervent prayer, with hands extended upwards,"Thanks be to God on high that it ain't myself that is hanging up there this morning."

There were no arrests made. The Chaplain sent in his resignation. It was accepted.

This Chaplain introduced prayer meeting in CompanyD's tent one night. We had fire-places in the tents, with chimneys built of mud and sticks on the outside. You could reach your hand to the

top of the chimney from the ground. John Mahan was stretched on his bunk; Andy O'Neil had one leg of his pants off, sewing a rip; he had a very long thread in the needle. The Chaplain knelt down close by Andy and asked Mahan if he would not join in prayer. Mahan said he was tired and wanted rest.

"And don't you want me to pray for you?" asked the Chaplain.

"Oh, yes, pray for me all you have a mind to," said Mahan.

The Chaplain prayed. Each time O'Neil put a stitch in his pants, in drawing the thread its full length brought his hand in close proximity to the Chaplain's face. He was seemingly very much interested in repairing his trousers.

The Chaplain asked, "Now, Andy, don't you feel the spirit of God coming within you?"

"No," said Andy, drawing his thread its full length with his hand against the Chaplain's face, "and I don't think it will come while the devil is so close to me." At the same time the boys outside dropped two or three bunches of cartridges down the chimney into the fire inside. R-r-r-r-rapp-zip-

zip-zip, went the cartridges like a volley of musketry. The Chaplain sprang from his knees, made a rush for the door and then outside, saying, "Sure enough, I believe the devil is in that tent."

We drove the Confederate General Anderson across the river at a place called Loudon, Tennessee. He burnt the bridge after his troops and supplies had crossed it. The picket lines of both armies were stationed on both sides of the river. An armistice was agreed upon. Firing ceased, so the boys might go in bathing. Every day we would swim out further, and so would the rebels. We came pretty close together one day, so close that we dashed water into each other's faces and ducked one another under the water, and about faced and swam to shore, when a big rebel dived under the water and came up in our ranks and swam to shore with us. He was taken to General Sheridan's headquarters, naked as he was born. They clothed him and sent him to New York, the only chance he said he ever had to get away. Being down South before the war he was held and forced into the rebel ranks; but that stopped the bathing in the river. The armistice was withdrawn. If

you would show your face after that you would hear a bullet whistle.

Captain Parsons had charge of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin at this place. An order came from headquarters for a sergeant to take charge of a detail of men to be sent out in the country with a foraging train of wagons, mules and drivers and wagon master to gather in all the wheat from the farmers' granaries and haul it to a grist mill that General Sheridan had confiscated to grind flour for his army. The order fell on me, because it was my turn to go on detail. I reported at Sheridan's headquarters, and he himself gave me instructions what to do. My detail of men was soon ready, and we started with our wagons and wagon master out to the mill, and the next day commenced hauling in the wheat. I was very much interested in that business, having been raised on a farm. With some of the farmers we had a great deal of trouble to get them to open their granaries peaceably, especially those who were rebels. We ground forty barrels a day. It was a water-power mill. Every night I was offered greenback money for flour, but never took a cent. They would tell sorrowful

stories about their little children starving. I would tell them that their little children were of no consequence when compared with the condition of thirty thousand men stationed in Loudon waiting for this flour. "Go and see Sheridan; he may give you some." The owner of the mill was in the mill office in the daytime when the wheat was brought in. I signed the vouchers for the number of bushels of wheat weighed and ground into flour, and that, with the supplies we had, furnished plenty of food. Every farmer that we took wheat from had the miller's signature and mine attached to his order on General Sheridan, and if he proved his loyalty to the Union he got spot cash, or its equivalent, for his wheat. My work being over, I received an order one morning to report at Sheridan's headquarters. We got into camp in the afternoon and formed a line in front of the General's tent. I found him inside and reported. He said, "You have done very well, sergeant; you deserve a promotion. Have your men break ranks right where they are and go to your respective quarters." I did not think any more about it. I simply was glad that I pleased the General and did my duty.

In returning to the regiment I found Col. MacArthur in command. I learned that Capt. Parsons would not give up his command of the regiment to MacArthur until he got orders to do so from General Sheridan, which were promptly given.

Liquor was plenty around Loudon, but at very high prices. One man paid $10 for a canteen full. He became disorderly and wanted to shoot somebody. He was court-martialed and sent to Dry Tortugas. I learned afterwards that he was pardoned and came home. The bridge across the river that the rebels burned was rebuilt by government employes with the assistance of the pioneer corps, and we crossed to the opposite side on another campaign. Our regimental bakers at this place turned out several loaves of bread with an old chew of tobacco in the center of the loaf.

From Resaca we followed up the rebel General, Johnston, and came very close to his rear guard at a place called Calhoun, Georgia. We crowded them very closely. The next day Johnston had his advanced troops stop at Adairsville and build breastworks of logs and earth, and located them-

selves in the houses, while the main army passed through and formed ready for battle. We followed them right up, but we suddenly came to a halt. They were ready for us. Johnston managed his retreat with good generalship from Resaca. We could not budge them. We marched across the road into a field by the right flank, right in front, towards the rebels' left, when Col. MacArthur gave the command "By the left flank, charge." When I was in the act of executing the command I got a broadsider in the left jaw bone. The bullet struck me in the lower angle of the jaw, breaking the bone at that place, and coursed downwards, inside the collarbone, and lodged in the cavity of the chest. Dr. Hasse, our regimental surgeon, treated me on the battlefield. I remember he cut my accoutrements with his knife and left them on the ground, cut the string of my blanket, spread it out and laid me on it.

Our regiment advanced and was stubbornly resisted, but held their ground by inch until the rebels withdrew. A great many of our boys bit the dust that day. It was a very severe fight for the time it lasted, just a few hours. It was estimated

that the loss was 500 killed and wounded. Such was rebel General Johnston's fighting tactics on a retreat. He punished his pursuers very severely. General John Newton had charge of our division in the absence of General Sheridan. It was thought at one time during the fight that our side would have to give way, and an order came from headquarters to the surgeons in the field to move their wounded a certain distance to the rear. There were four rebel bullets dropped on my blanket while I lay there. We moved to where there were a lot of small houses and a large mansion. In going along the turnpike road the rebel bullets and cannon balls came fast and lively. This was the trying moment. It was desperate, as I could plainly hear, and very well understood the situation. The brave boys began coming in wounded thick and fast, as the battle raged on. But at last victory was ours. The battle was won; but a high price was paid for it; the loss of life, limb, health and blood. I remember in going to the rear, as ordered, a Union captain was with us. He had his nose shot off, or all but a part of the skin near his forehead, which was holding it from falling. It

was swinging on his face like the pendulum of a clock. The rebels sent a cannon ball down the road. As it passed by, this captain turned around, and, with much emphasis, said, "You rebel sons of guns, I hope you will get your belly full before night," and at that instant a rebel bullet took him right in the abdomen and went through his body. He fell dead where he spoke the words. We arrived at our new hospital off the battlefield. Dr. Hasse placed me in a chair on the porch and ran a probe down in my neck.

"Ah, Ford," he said, "the bullet has passed downwards; it is in your chest; perhaps I can find it," and I began to faint away. He pulled out his probe and turned around his canteen, placed it in my mouth and told me to take a swallow. I took hold of the canteen and held it until I had three good swallows.

The doctor took the canteen and said, "Do you think you can stand it now?"

"Yes, doctor, probe away now all you mind to." And he did, and said it was no use in punishing me. He could not locate the bullet, and even if he did, it could not be removed without loss of life;

it may never injure me, but he could not tell now what the result might be in the future.

I was assigned to a place to lie down on the floor. I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke my neck, face and breast seemed to be one thickness. Well, I thought I would get up, but no, my head would not rise by my will. I thought if I just had somebody to lift my head for me I would be all right, when, seemingly by instinct, my right hand raised and caught myself by the hair of my head, and I was on my feet.

An order came to the surgeons to send the wounded to Chattanooga. All who were shot in the legs and not able to walk would be carried in ambulances to Resaca and there take the train for Chattanooga. I came under the order of able to walk, as the meaning of that term is applied in cases of emergency, where transportation is limited, as it was in that case. We struck out, a lot of us that had to walk, but soon commenced trudging along according to our strength, until there were hardly two together. Every stream I would cross I would dip my head in the water and then fill my old Kossuth hat full and put it on my head. Ar-

riving at Calhoun early in the afternoon, I stopped at the first house. There were two rebel ladies standing on the porch looking at the wounded as they passed by. I was very weak and wanted some milk, as I could not eat or chew anything, my mouth being nearly closed. By a great many signs and mutterings I succeeded in getting one to understand what I wanted, but she said they had no milk; that there was a Union woman in the next block over there that had two or three cows and she most always had some milk.

"You got hit, did you?" she asked. "Well, we don't like to see you-uns get hurt, but we do like to see you'uns get licked. You'uns killed my true love when you went by here the other day. He stayed behind his command to bid me good-bye and to have a little talk, when you Yankees came onto him and three others of our boys. They ran into the brush down there," pointing in the direction that she wanted me to know, "and there you killed my true love."

I listened very attentively, with my eyes fixed on a picture that she wore on her breast. I recognized the picture and muttered out to her as best I

could that if she thought so much of her true love she ought to see about it and have him buried. He was lying down there a little ways from the turnpike road, swelled up as big as a two hundred pounder.

The circumstances concerning my knowledge of this incident are: Those four rebels ran from the brush to a small log-house about fifteen or twenty rods from the road where we were marching, and were firing from their hiding place. A squad was sent out there and surrounded the little log-house. This true love escaped by jumping through the window, and was shot and killed. The other three were taken prisoners.

I made my way to the Union woman in the next block. I saw a dozen wounded men go into the house. Thinks I to myself, "There is no chance there for me to get any milk," but before I reached the house they came out again, and I went in. She was a fine, clever-looking woman, with three little girl children. I made known my wants.

"Yes," she said, "I have plenty of milk for you, although I have been refusing it all day; so many came together that the little I had would do them

no good." At the same time she poured the milk out into a cooking utensil and placed it on the stove and said, "As you came alone I have plenty for you; and indeed you need it more than any one who has come in here to-day."

She broke some round crackers into the milk, inquired about my wound, said it smelled bad, took off the bandage, washed it and dressed it with new linen and threw my old bandages out doors. By this time my milk and crackers were cooked. As I could not chew or open my mouth to take in coarse food, she fixed it so it was thin, like gruel; cooled it sufficiently, spread a table cloth on part of the table where I sat, and I felt just ninety-nine per cent. better than when I first entered that house. Her cheerfulness and willingness to do good made me feel so much better that I could not express it by words. I drew that food through my teeth with such force that it did not take a very great length of time to put it where it was much needed for a nourishment.

I will say right here when you found a Union man or woman in the Southern States, you found them as loyal and as true as steel. I was now ready

to go on my journey to Resaca. The train was to leave there at 8 o'clock. Before I left Adairsville hospital I changed a $5 bill and gave half of it to a comrade of mine, John Howard, who was shot in the elbow. Twenty-six pieces of bone were taken out of his elbow. Dr. Hasse wanted to cut it off, but Howard said he would rather die with it on than live with it off. The doctor thought possibly that he might save it. The weather was very warm. Gangrene set in. His arm was cut off three times, and the poor fellow, after a long season of suffering, went to the other shore. Changing the $5 bill, which was all the money I had, left me with two dollars and a half in fifty cent shinplasters, as we called that kind of money. In bidding good-bye to my good Union woman, with tears in my eyes I offered her all the money I had. She would not take any. She said it did her so much good to do something for a Union soldier that she only wished she could do more. I took her address and bade her good-bye. Her three little girls followed me out to the gate leading on the sidewalk, and I slipped fifty cents apiece in their little hands. I felt so much better, and my heart was so filled up

with the kindness that I received from that good Union woman in the very heart of the Confederate States, that if I had had it I could have given those little ones one hundred dollars apiece as willingly as I gave them fifty cents each. That woman saved my life, for gangrene was beginning to show itself, and I never could have reached Resaca without that nourishment and the cleansing of my wound. I reacher Resaca just as the train was pulling out, grabbed hold of the side door of the last box-car and the boys pulled me in while the train was moving quite fast.

It commenced raining very hard and the night was as dark as pitch. Our train jogged along at the rate such trains usually do. We came to an up-grade, when all at once there came a crash and a smash. I was in the hindmost end of the rear car and was jerked up to the front end in a shorter time than you could say Jack Robinson. A train-load of new recruits was coming to the front, the cars being full inside and many on top. The engineer should have stopped at the station and switched until the train with the wounded went by. He paid no attention to the signal and went right

ahead to the top of a grade, where he pulled the throttle of his engine wide open and let her go. Jumping off his engine, he made his escape. He was a rebel, and took advantage of his first opportunity to apply his vengeance. It was a terrible sight to look at. Many of the wounded were killed and some of the new recruits and many were disabled. It took till late next day to get fixed up for our destination. There I lost my diary, with the address of that good Union woman that did so much for me at Calhoun, Georgia.

After I recruited up some, and others the same as myself, who were supposed not to be fit for duty within a certain time, we were sent farther north to make room for new-comers. I was sent to New Albany, Indiana, where I remained two weeks, when a general order was issued that all not fit for duty inside of sixty days should be sent to their respective state hospitals. An examination was made by the surgeon in charge, and I was sent to Madison, Wisconsin. After I was a few weeks in Madison I called on Governor J. T. Lewis in regard to my commission. It was then the tenth in order on file in his office, but he would give me one

then and there. There were vacancies in my company. I refused to take it. There were others higher in rank than I, and I did not want to jump over them; and, in fact, we came home without a commissioned officer, an orderly sergeant in command of the company, John N. Keifer, who received his commission dated back, as captain, as brave a boy as ever lived to draw saber. Ed. Blake, a corporal in my company, carried a commission in his pocket that he received from the Governor, but never reported for duty as an officer. Such was the honor the old boys had for each other in rank.

I stayed in Madison about two months and could have had my discharge given me by Surgeon-General Swift, medical director of the Western Department, with headquarters at Milwaukee, but would not take it. I wanted to go back and take my chances of coming home with the rest of the boys. I had the use of my limbs all right and could shoot, but had to be very careful how I bit the cartridge. There were six pieces of bone taken from my left lower jaw, and it hurt very much to bite off the cartridge.

My memory now takes me back to my regiment, with which I was in several battles after my four months' absence on account of my wound. And now this brings me to the last battle of Nashville, December 15th and 16th, 1864. We fought the rebel General Hood, who had followed us from Franklin and fortified himself in our front, near Nashville. We marched out to them and made the attack. They held us back. We were relieved by a brigade of colored troops. While we were cooking something to eat the colored troops made a charge on the rebel works and got as far, or to a distance where the rebels had fallen trees towards us, as an obstruction to our advancement. There the colored brigade fired one volley and then lay down. The rebels peppered it to them so thick and fast, they even stood up on their breastworks and took aim at that black cloud, as they called them. We were marched down there again, in double-quick time, the rebels shouting and shooting and waving their hats like so many demons. When they saw us coming for them right through and over the colored troops and tree branches they ceased firing and had their arms stacked when we climbed

their breastworks, took off their hats and surrendered, saying, "Hello, Jack; hello, Tom; hello, Jim. Say, Yanks, never send a black cloud to take our breastworks. We were retreating when we saw them coming. When some one said, 'It's a black cloud, boys; let's every man stand fast; never be taken prisoners or surrender to them darkies, or give them our breastworks while there is a man of us left alive.' "

And then we commenced shaking hands with each other. There were some of them who were nearly barefooted, with pants ripped nearly up to their knees; tall, fine-looking, good-hearted fellows, from Georgia. This ended the battles of the war, so far as we were concerned, and old Pap. Thomas drank the health of the old Army of the Cumberland. We stayed around Nashville for some time, got our discharge, and, on the 10th day of June, 1865, broke ranks in Milwaukee. I bought a suit of citizen's clothes for $85 that could be bought today for $25.

There was a strong Fenian movement in Milwaukee just about that time, with the object in view of taking Canada. I happened in to Melm's, a

saloon where the new Pabst building now stands, if my memory serves me right, and I think it does. There was a big crowd of men in there talking war, Fenians and Canada, all feeling good. Of course, I had a say about the war and other topics of conversation that were sprung into discussion as well as anybody else had, and seemed to interest some of my hearers. They wanted me to get up on a round table near by. There were two or three rows of tables in there. I would not get up on the table. I was taken hold of and placed on the table. Well, I talked a little while, and then came down to war matters. I said the Battle of Stone River lasted seven days and it cost this government nine millions of dollars a day, and asked, "What would we do if we didn't have a government to back us? Do you think we could carry on a war by some one of us having a few dollars in our pockets? Foolish idea; that is your predicament, gentlemen." Of course, that was disparaging the movement, but I did not intend it for that particular purpose. I was simply telling the truth as well as I knew how, when somebody hit me. I jumped off the table, lost my hat in the row and never found it.

I went to Illinois to work as a farm hand for $1 a day for every day in the year, wet or dry, hail, rain or sunshine, board and washing free, and with what money I had saved up, bought a piece of land at twenty dollars per acre, with a mortgage of $1,500 on it, payable in gold coin, but it was paid off with the greenback dollar. I lived on that farm for twenty-six years and brought it to a very high state of cultivation. I sold it out seven years ago, at one hundred dollars per acre, the first $100 acre land that was ever sold in my township, and came to Milwaukee, the scene of my boyhood days. I have been a delegate to state and county conventions and held offices of trust in the township where I lived; but, commander and comrades, I can say to you, with candor, that I never saw an assembly of men that act more gentlemanly with each other, and that I felt more proud of, and that I felt more at home with than I do with the members of E. B. Wolcott Post.

PULPIT AND PRESS.

An Argument in Favor of the Power of the Press as Compared with that of the Clergy.

Delivered at Phenix School House, Towanda Township, Ill., February 8, 1877, by Thomas J. Ford.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Honorable Judges: In choosing a side on the question before you I am influenced by nothing save conviction, and, in saying what little I do, to show that the press has more influence than the pulpit, I am not guided by a desire to detract from the merits of the pulpit, but simply by a wish to have the press estimated at its proper value. In discussing the question we must seek effects, and, by comparing them, arrive at a correct decision. And right

here I wish, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen, that you would remember that all examples of times past are not fair ones. When we consider that preaching has been practiced from the earliest ages, even from before the time of Christ, the great Preacher, down through the Middle Ages, when there was no such thing as printing even, and that printing itself was invented as late as 1441, while the press, as we now know it, is a product of the latter part of the present century, all examples of the power of the pulpit, therefore, that are taken from olden times are unfair, and the question must be considered as it is framed, "Which has the most influence at the present time?" And even now your decision must be arrived at by cool, patient investigation, and you must set down Bible banging and pulpit shouting at their proper worth and estimate the influence of the press, which acts like the still small voice of conscience, at its real value; you must bring scales, more delicate than Fairbank's cattle scales, and be prepared to weigh small pigs one by one as carefully as your Christmas beeves, for you may be assured if we bring enough of them the sum of their weights will be greater than that

of the monster cattle. Here is where the advocates of the pulpit have the advantage. Anyone can see the effect of the conversion of a sinner or the result of a revival, but to measure the silent influence of the paper requires greater judgment. The most casual observer can see the dust of the threshing machine, but the man must be right there who sees the number of bushels threshed. So, gentlemen, if the sum of all the influence of the press outweighs the influence of the pulpit, then must you decide for the press.

They may point you to revival preaching and show you how Moody converts his thousands; but you must consider how much he is helped by Sankey and the daily papers that create a kind of spiritual atmosphere about him, because a force acts at an instant of time. You must not infer that its effect is greater than if it acts through ages. Constant dropping wears the rock, and mechanics teaches us that a force creates the same result, whether acting in a moment or at length. You may burn a cord of wood in the open air, but because its blaze is seen the farthest you must not infer that it has a greater effect than if burned in the

furnace that makes the steam that grinds your daily bread. In England, where the pulpit has an influence in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, they speak of the third estate of the kingdom, and enumerate those estates or classes of men, such as the lawyers, the Parliament, the clergy, the crown. They call the houses of Parliament the two estates, and the third is not the clergy or even the crown, but the press. There the whole kingdom bows before the utterances of the London Times, which is called the Thunderer. The papers there influence finance, legislation and the policy of the government. The press there is recognized as having more influence than the pulpit or the clergy, and, why? Go with me to our own legislature, and you will see the reason, and you will see also how much the press has to do with the laws that govern us. You will see before each member his pile of newspapers, and can notice how eagerly he scans the columns to see words of commendation or condemnation. You can see how much he is influenced by his little home papers in his votes and speeches. Some years ago the financial editor of the London Times was indicted and removed from his position

because he wrote articles that influenced the money markets. It shook the money centers when corruption was shown in a newspaper editor, but it scarcely causes a ripple of excitement when a minister is corrupt. The church itself concedes the power of the press and supports them accordingly. In simple numbers it is plain that the papers have the greatest power.

If you consider how each man's thoughts and actions are controlled by what he reads you must say that the influence of the press is greater than the pulpit. It has been well said that the pen is mightier than the sword, and it might be added or the pulpit either.

Ladies and Gentlemen, there is another argument worthy of your attention, and it is a well-settled fact that the eye assists the mind in remembering anything. Can you say that the words of the preacher have the same effect on the memory as the printed page? Test it yourself, gentlemen; let any one read a book aloud and see who has the freshest recollection of the subject—he who reads it or he who simply hears it read. I think that not even the affirmative will contend that the hearer

understands the matter as well as the reader, and, this point conceded, it must follow that as the press has the greatest audience it has more influence. More money is spent for papers than for preachers. Now, ladies and gentlemen and honorable judges, in the argument of this, as in the discussion of all other questions, we can arrive at no final decision. It is not like telling which of two small objects weighs the most, but as though you were to attempt to tell which of two sections of land had the most black soil in it. Each one must at least decide for himself, and yet there are some clear and strong facts from which we can form a judgment, and from those facts that I have given you I am constrained to say that the press has more influence than the pulpit. Look how universal is the force that the press exerts from the highest to the lowest far and wide. Where is the family in McLean County that does not see and read the weekly paper? There is no one here who cannot tell of scores of families that scarcely ever see the inside of church. What was it that passed the pension bill? Nothing but the united voice of the press speaking the will of the people educated by the

press. Go into Congress or any of your legislatures and you will see papers read and quoted; and the papers actually dictate legislation. Look at the amount invested in newspapers and in churches in the United States. It is fixed by the last census at three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. And the amount paid to preachers will run it up to five hundred millions invested directly for the pulpit, and this, too, is aside from the amount invested in seminaries. The amount invested in newspapers does not reach half this sum, yet the number of people reached by the papers is immensely greater than that reached by the pulpit. Let us come down to familiar instances. The Pantagraph, for instance, has a circulation of 13,700 papers per week. Each paper is read by five persons and you have an audience of sixty-eight thousand persons reached every week by the Bloomington Pantagraph. The sum invested in the First Methodist Church is more than is invested in The Pantagraph, but it would be idle to say the influence exerted by the preacher in that church is equal to the influence exerted by The Pantagraph. Each issue of the daily contains as much and each issue of the weekly four times as

much as he gives to his hearers each Sunday. And so it is all over the land. Clearly, then, for the money invested the press has the greatest influence. Suppose as much money were invested in papers as there is in churches. Would not the effects be wonderful? What is printed in the papers may be read time and again, what is uttered from the pulpit may be heard only once, and then lost forever. It is not reasonable to suppose that the pulpit has as much influence as the press. What is it that influences legislation, the pulpit or the press? Undoubtedly the press. Did you ever hear of a congressman or legislator quoting a preacher in support of a measure? Never. Yet the law is something that affects each individual. Did you ever hear of the pulpit controlling the market? Never. Yet this is what the press is doing daily. What was it that brought the rebellion upon us? Nothing but the continual howling of the Southern press. In war, in peace, in money matters, in everything and everywhere, the press has the greatest influence. Educate by the press, bring pure, good, sound papers into your family, and be assured you are throwing around them the greatest protec-

tion. Elevate the standard of the press, and may there always be a fearless, independent press in our land that will not hesitate to apply the goad to those in high places.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your attention.

THAT LEXINGTON IMPUDENCE.

An Arraignment of the Democratic Party on Account of its Platform During the Garfield Campaign.

Written on a Bed of Sickness by Thomas J. Ford, and Published in the Newspapers of Bloomington, Ill., November, 1880.

To the Editor: In your account of the Democratic rally at Lexington I noticed that mention is made of the delegation from Merna carrying a banner with the inscription "Irish of Merna all for Hancock." I assume the authority to say that the "Irish of Merna are not all for Hancock," although the Democratic speakers of Bloomington have made several speeches at Merna, telling what distress the country is now in under the bad management of the Repubican party.

About the surplus. They say that there are one hundred millions of dollars in the United States treasury, and bring that in as an act of stealing

from the people. Where is the nation, where is the state, county or town, where is the church, the school or one of the different societies that does not boast of it when they have money in their treasury? Should Democracy get control I fear the money would not be in the treasury very long. How much money was in the treasury when Buchanan and his Democratic cabinet left the White House and turned over this government to the Republican party, all tattered and torn and nearly in a state of insurrection?

Should the Democratic party get into power this fall the reins of this government will be peaceably placed in their hands, with the ship of state sailing in a clear channel. About the tariff. The Democratic speakers tell their audience that boots and shoes are too high, and that a change in the administration will be the adoption of free trade, which will compel the manufacturers of this country to bring down their prices or close up business. The Republican party don't want to close up the manufacturing business of this country by adopting any such measures, for England can undersell any other nation on the globe. Her labor costs little

or nothing, and I believe that I know that the majority of the people of the United States do not want to give England a chance to bring her old store goods and land them on our shores free from tariff for the purpose of under-selling our own tradesmen.

The effect on Ireland. In or about the year 1800 Ireland was one of the most prosperous manufacturing countries in Europe. She continued such until about the year 1820, when England succeeded in persuading the Irish Parliament to adopt the free-trade system. As soon as that was accomplished, England unloaded her cargoes of goods free from tariff on Ireland's shores, and down went Ireland's manufacturing establishments. Look at the condition in which the Democratic party left this country in 1860-61. It took fifty bushels of good sound corn (not soft whisky corn) delivered in Bloomington to buy a pair of $5 boots; farm hands husked corn for 50 cents a day; thousands of farms were under mortgage; there was no money to pay with; the situation was terrible in the extreme until the Republican party, fully competent to meet the emergency, issued the greenback dollar

that was welcomed by the laborer and the farmer and drove out the Democratic stump-tail currency, but was despised by the capitalists, who had their money loaned on farms and on other real estate on mortgages drawn payable in gold coin. They refused to take the greenback for a dollar, but the Republican party said this is a dollar and you must take it, which filled with joy the hearts of many a father, wife and mother. Men that I know, and many of them who had very close picking to live under the Democratic administration, are now, by industry, close attention to business, and with the Republican flag of freedom floating over their heads, marching along unmolested in their business, yes, protected in their industries and enterprises until they are now wealthy. If they had to pay off their mortgages in gold coin money a poor man would have lost his home, for it took about three dollars in greenbacks to buy one gold dollar. I am one of the many that once went to pay off a mortgage of that kind, the amount being five hundred and fifty dollars, including interest, due to a well-known capitalist of Bloomington. I tendered the money to him in greenbacks. He said, "No,

sir, I want about sixteen hundred dollars of them things or five hundred and fifty in gold." I insisted that he should take the greenbacks. He said he would see his attorney, George O. Robinson, a well-known lawyer of Bloomington, and after so doing he accepted my money and released the mortgage. And this is only one instance in thousands of such cases all over the United States. When the Southern majority of the Democratic party rebelled against the Union they took what gold they could get hold of to Richmond and left us but very little to meet our obligations. And now, after twenty years of Republican administration, faithful and true to their trust, and to the people of all sections and classes, they, by economy and good management, have succeeded in being able to place in the treasury of the United States the sum of over four hundred millions of gold dollars to the credit of the people of the United States, ready when called upon to be paid out to the just claimant. That is the way every honest man meets his just debts. He always has it ready if he possibly can. There are a great many first voters and other young men that, of course, have no personal knowledge of how a

Democratic administration would suit them, because they have had no experience with the party. They have never seen the party in control of the government. If they would look back just as far as they can remember and notice the progress this country has made for the last twenty years they must say that the Republican administration was good, was a great deal better than good, taking into consideration the deplorable condition that the Democratic administration had left it in: Shooting down loyal men in the South, tearing the Stars and Stripes, the flag of this country, into pieces and trampling it under their feet, while the riotous Democrats of the North formed into howling mobs against the Federal Government, and by so doing gave the rebel cause more encouragement than if they were in the rebel ranks fighting for the rebel cause. These are incidents in the history of the Democratic party; with all these facts in view and facts that they know to be true, they have the cheek every four years to come to the front and claim that they are the party that should hold the reins of this government. It remains for the voters of the United States to answer at the coming election.

Now, Mr. Editor, in answer to that false inscription displayed at Lexington. I have been ill in bed for seven weeks, but am now able to be out-doors, and if I am alive on election day I will be one of the many Irishmen of Merna, Towanda Township, McLean County, Illinois, that will vote for Garfield and Arthur, for they are the nominees of the party that has always proved itself true to the people and the nation and the nation's credit. The time has not yet arrived when a change of administration would be best for the public good, and the voters of the United States will see to it at the coming election that the reins of this government will be held and guided by its friends and not by its enemies.

SHOULD EDUCATION BE COMPULSORY?

Why a Liberal Allowance Should be Made for our Schools, while Leaving Attendance Optional.

Debate at Smith Grove (Illinois) School-House, February 4, 1878, Participated in by Thomas J. Ford.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Honorable Judges: The question before you, "Should Education Be Compulsory?" is a question of much importance, both to the citizen and the public. To insist that every child in Illinois should attend school a certain number of years would require that much of our legislation and many of our customs should be changed. We can safely say that any interference with a man's private affairs is contrary to the spirit of our American institutions, and for this reason any attempt to introduce an argument from the practice in Europe is not a good one, for the reason that man has been more completely gov-

erned in the Old World. We must look at the case as it will affect our own condition, and not as it affects others. It is illogical for me to say to my neighbor, have your child educated, and he must be, although you are in bed sick and that child is your only support. Only the greatest reasons will justify that interference with the rights of the individual citizen. Every parent is naturally constituted the guardian of his children, and is most capable to tell what is for their benefit. Every father by nature seeks the welfare of his children, and any attempt by law to make him do it is apt to prove useless. But we are met with the argument that the good of the state requires that each citizen be educated. Granted, but let the state furnish facilities for education, and there its duty stops. The last speaker told us that ignorance is the cause of crime and that most of our jails and prisons are filled with ignorant and uneducated people. You cannot prove this to be true, for it is utterly exploded by facts. The inmates of our jails and prisons are in the majority educated people. You cannot say that each one of the inmates of our jails and prisons has no education any more than you can say

that ignorance is the cause of crime, for most of the expert criminals that are in our jails and prisons are educated men. Herbert Spencer, one of the best Social Science philosophers living, has shown this to be true, and has shown that the educated criminal can stare you out of countenance every day in the week. You can no more prove that ignorance is a cause of crime than the neglect to use soap is a cause. The truth is, deviltry is born in a man, and you cannot educate it out of him one time in a hundred. You must look for a better argument, for that is utterly exploded by facts. Should education be compulsory, then, for the benefit of the child? The welfare of posterity is a great question and worthy of your consideration. But we can safely assume that in this day and country everyone that wants an education can get it; and when you come right down to the facts in the case, the man who is educated is the man who thirsts for knowledge. All the cramming you can give will not make an educated man. Many a man who has never been inside of a school-house is better educated than some who have gone through college and hold diplomas. But the minute you say that the

youth of the land must be educated, you involve yourself in absurdity. You cannot logically say that he must go to school till he is fourteen years old, as the law is in Germany, for it is clear to all that some will learn much more in that time than others. Some may be sick so as not to be able to keep up with their grades. If education should be compulsory then it is manifest that you should have a certain amount. For instance, the pupil should understand the common school learning, to make a good citizen under the compulsory law; he should understand the constitution of his state and the United States and the laws and spirit of American institutions. He should understand the laws of health, so as to preserve his own life and the life of others. Church people might insist that the welfare of the state and the individual demands that he understand how to preach. Here you have the student that is through our public schools, a lawyer, a doctor and a preacher, or three learned men rolled into one. It would take a pretty good lifetime to make a complete citizen under the law of compulsory education. You may say that what I propose is an absurdity, but it is an absurdity into which

your own argument leads you; it is the natural conclusion of your own logic. The fact is, that the same reasoning that will justify compulsory education will justify a state church and compulsory attendance at such church. In both cases the good of the citizen and the safety of the state are the objects sought, and both are illogical, un-American and tyrannical in their tendencies. If you have compulsory education who shall say how far it shall go—you have no more right to say than I have. Now, I want you to understand that I am not opposed to general, universal education. I am in favor of it, but to compel it is improper and unjust. By adopting compulsory education you take away the support of the widow, even if she be in bed sick with her bony fingers unable to support herself. Adopt compulsory education then and you begin to rob the citizen of his liberty. If you can say how much or whether he shall be educated, then you can say what she shall eat and wear. All arguments for compulsory education are dangerous to individual liberty, and for these reasons, while I am in favor of liberal and general education, I am utterly opposed to its being compulsory.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

The Memory of the Father of His Country More Lasting than that of the Defender of Liberty.

Discussion at Phenix School House, Towanda Township, McLean County, Ill., February 12, 1878. Affirmative taken by Thomas J. Ford, in whose favor the judges awarded their decision.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Honorable Judges: The question before us is, "Resolved, That George Washington has done more for the American people than Abraham Lincoln." My feelings for Abraham Lincoln will not allow me to say anything that would have a tendency to deprive him of the merits which he deserves.

Abraham Lincoln was a good, honest old gentleman, but my heart is with George Washington, the Father of this country, who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Whatever I shall say on the subject before

you, I will say, not from a desire to win the decision of the judges, but from a sincere belief of the truth of the resolution, that Washington has done more for the American people than Lincoln. Whatever I say will be without malice toward Abraham Lincoln, but with greater reverence for George Washington, for, in common with all citizens of the State of Illinois, I admire the merits of the grandest man Illinois ever furnished; and right here, honorable judges, I want to ask you to cast aside that prejudice that must be in the heart of every resident of this state. Let your mind be as equal between the two men as a delicate balance, for unless it is you cannot reach a valid conclusion and whatever either side would say would be useless.

Another thing. You must forget the tragic end of Lincoln's life to arrive at a correct decision, for that martyrized him and gave him a martyr's fame and a martyr's crown, and threw a hallowed glamour over every previous act of his life. You must separate what he actually accomplished from the stage effects surrounding what he did. The play that is read to you in the parlor leaves no such impression on your mind as the same play present-

ed to you on the stage with fine scenery and blue and red lights; the one is a kind of a dream, the other a living actuality. So with the two great men whose works we are discussing to-night, the history of one is a misty recollection of the past, the history of the other some of us helped to make. I have for one, and have reason to sigh for the blood that I lost and the pain that I endure at times. One of the men we have never seen; the other some of us have clasped by the hand. Washington lived nearly a thousand miles from here, and nearly a hundred years ago. Lincoln lived within a few hours' journey, and but a few years ago. Washington lived in a time when the steam printing press, the daily papers and the telegraph were not dreamed of, while the great facilities for gathering news have made us familiar with every incident in Lincoln's life. We must divest ourselves of the unconscious prejudice we possess from our more intimate acquaintance with Lincoln. Future generations must and will form the correct estimate between the two men; future generations will see the difference between the man who hewed out a new road in the forest and the one who

merely kept it in repair. Be assured, ladies and gentlemen, they will give palm to the pioneer. In the one case you see a man at the head of an army, sparse in numbers, ill armed, poorly fed and clothed and confronted by the army of the strongest nation on earth. George Washington was at the head of an army whose soldiers too often sighed after the flesh-pots of their homes and firesides that they had left, an army whose generals were tempted by British gold and English honors, an army only kept together by the faith, enthusiasm and moral courage of its leader. And on the other hand you see Abraham Lincoln at the head of a nation, the commander-in-chief, by virtue of his office, of an army far outnumbering that of the Rebellion, with a land full of plenty and wealth, with a people enthusiastic in the defense of their homes and cherished institutions. Washington had supplies grudgingly voted him by the factious Continental Congress, while Lincoln had a treasury filled with funds supplied to overflowing by a willing people and a united Congress.

Washington lived in a land of poverty; Lincoln lived in a land of wealth. Washington was beset

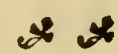
by obstacles, danger, poverty and the uncertainty attending all new ventures, while Lincoln, though confronted by dangers, merely kept the ship of state running in the same channel. Washington was the Columbus who discovered the new nation, who built, manned and navigated a new ship of state over an unknown sea, while Lincoln was merely the captain of the onward steamer, which is as certain of reaching its post as we are of going to Bloomington when we start in times when the roads are better than they are now.

Washington was the creator, Lincoln merely the engineer who kept the machine running. If Lincoln deserves the laurel wreath, Washington deserves the crown of honor.

AS TO PENSIONS.

Veterans of the Late War Should be Rewarded, but the Pension List Should not be Published.

A Letter Addressed to the Editor of the Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee, by Thomas J. Ford, December 13, 1897.



Editor Wisconsin: The statement in your article on publishing the pension list that "the influence of the Loyal Legion and of many members of the Grand Army of the Republic is said to be back of the measure," may or may not be true. But it is true that there seems to be considerable agitation in the minds of many as to the propriety of granting pensions to those who periled their lives and lost their health and limb and received wounds that shadow the light and intellect, that otherwise might have shone forth in its splendor and glory. The loss of a man's health, whether it be caused by wounds or other disabilities, is a very sad affair to

the good soldier, who bears his sufferings in quiet; and, like everything else, the older the soldiers get the more reason they have to complain, and the less sympathy there is for them. The fact is, Mr. Editor, every soldier that went through active field service ought to have a pension. There is not one man in a thousand in that class of soldiery but is physically disabled in some way or other.

Think of it—an army wading rivers up to their breast in water at sundown in the months of December and January, and lying down in their wet clothes on the bare ground, with an allowance of one-quarter rations, already eaten up the day before! Think of the Battle of Chickamauga, when, hemmed in in the Valley of Chattanooga, for two months and four days with railroad and river communications cut off by rebel forces, men forced by hunger ate horses and mules that had actually died for the want of food. Think of the many good men and soldiers that lost their health in rebel prisons. And then ask yourself if it is right to post them up in printed form for the public gaze and the calumny of men who would rather sympathize with a rebel than to give a Union soldier a pension.

Look at the generous pension bill passed some few years ago under a Democratic administration—a sweeping pension bill giving every soldier that served in the Mexican war a pension of twelve dollars a month—no proof required only proof of service; no examining board—just send in your discharge with proof that you are the man, and you got your pension without further trouble. But to please the calamity-howlers and the rebel cause sympathizers you must post your good men and true that saved your country for you. They must be posted up for public inspection. You say the pensions are paid by taxation. I pay a few dollars taxes. I never saw anything in my receipt for pension taxes. Your Washington correspondent says a pension is a badge of honor. It ain't much honor for a soldier to get a pension and have his name published to be unjustly criticised by men who have no knowledge of the fact of his being worthy to receive a pension or not. With my experience in getting a pension I don't see how there could be one single impostor on the pension rolls; and if there is it is the duty of the government to hunt them up and prosecute them for falsifying,

forgery and perjury, as any citizen should be prosecuted for such a crime, and not be harrassing and annoying your good old boys who wore the blue to save this country and protect our country's flag for you.

I heard Paul Vandervoort, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., say that the pension pay roll was the purest pay roll in the United States to-day, and I believe him, and I also believe that they got the least pay for the work done of any men that were ever or are now in the United States employment. And now they must be posted up because they get a few dollars pension.

Let Congress hunt up the deficiency in other branches of government business and employes and not be tantalizing the old warriors with publishing documents. Be more liberal with the pensions and if you want to economize cut off 10 per cent. of the big salaries of all our high officials, and if you do that you will come more in line with justice and honor than by publishing the pension list. Yours,

THOMAS J. FORD.

DEPARTURE OF THOMAS J. FORD.

The Well-Known Farmer and Politician will Make Milwaukee His Home.

From the Bloomington Bulletin, December 21st, 1891.

Mr. T. J. Ford, of Merna, has gone to Milwaukee to reside. This will be unwelcome news to his myriads of friends in McLean County, who admired him for his honorable principles and friendly bearing. Mr. Ford was born in Boston, Mass. When he was aged 12 he emigrated with his father to Milwaukee County, Wisconsin. When a very young man he enlisted in the army, and did such valiant service in the Union ranks that he was made sergeant. He carries to this day a ball in his left breast, which tells of his heroism more eloquently than sheepskin can portray. In 1866 he came to McLean County and located near Merna, where he

owned a large tract of as fine a land as is in fertile Illinois.

Mr. Ford has one weakness, and it is a conspicuous fault, that of being a Republican. It is conspicuous because of his enthusiasm. He has taken so much interest in politics that he has frequently been called upon to make speeches, and on the stump he made a rousing impression by the wit and tone that he injected into his discourse. Though wayward enough to be a Republican, he had warm friends among all classes, who respected him for the staunch manner in which he spoke his convictions. Mr. Ford's wife died recently, and that broke the ties to his old home on the farm. Some days ago he had an immense sale, from which he realized large cash. This, it seems, was the preparatory step to his leaving. He bid farewell to the community in which he was such a prominent benefactor and left for the scenes of his boyhood. He has the best wishes of all who know him.

COMMENDED BY HIS SUPERIORS.

The Officers of the 24th Wisconsin Infantry Speak Highly of Thomas J. Ford.

Headquarters Company H, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry; Second Division, Fourth Army Corps.

Loudon, Tenn., Feb. 17th, 1864.

I certify on honor that Sergt. Thomas J. Ford, of Franklin, Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, is a member of my company, and I do recommend said Sergt. Thomas J. Ford for his good conduct, sobriety and soldiery bearings. He has been engaged with the regiment in four battles and several skirmishes, and has proved himself a faithful and brave soldier. His soldierly conduct, both in camp and in the field, cannot be surpassed. I do believe him

as brave and true as any man ever enlisted in defense of his country.

GEORGE COOTE,

First Lieutenant, Commanding Company H, Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

WM. KENNEDY,

Captain Company G, Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment.

I concur in the above.

T. S. WEST,

Colonel Twenty-fourth Wisconsin.

JOHN N. KIEFER,

Orderly Sergeant Company H, Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Vounteers.

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